

All Alone

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Summary: One morning, Simba, Tama and Tojo wake up to find that they are the only three cubs left in the Pride Lands. What has happened to everyone?

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Eyes Wide Open

AN: Ten stories down, three to go. This is all going to be over before we even know it, isn't it? Anyway, here's story eleven!

All Alone

Chapter One: Eyes Wide Open

"There!" Simba exclaimed, patting his stomach a few times. "Totally back to normal. And you said I'd stay fat for ever, huh, Nala?"

Nala rolled her eyes in response. "It was just a little joke, Simba. But you did eat a whole lot. It's not like you staying fat for ever was *impossible*," she teased. "Still, I can't say you're not cute when you're chubby."

It was night in the Pride Lands. Simba and Nala lay next to each other in the den. Everyone else was fast asleep, but the two cubs felt wide awake, because they'd slept far too much over the course of the past few days.

"Why won't I just fall asleep?" Simba moaned, rolling onto his stomach. "I don't feel tired at all. I feel like I could run a mile! No, *ten* miles! Every time I close my eyes I just want to... do something. In fact..." He jumped to his paws. "Let's go run around a bit. Surely that'll make us just a *little* bit tired, right?"

"I know how you feel," Nala agreed, staring up at the ceiling. "It feels so hot and stuffy and... so untiring." She closed her eyes as tight as she could. "One orange, two oranges, three oranges..."

"What are you doing?" Simba asked, confused.

"My mother told me that counting oranges will put you to sleep," she explained, before continuing to count. "Four oranges, five oranges, six oranges..."

"And how many oranges did your mother count before she actually *got* to sleep?" Simba asked, a little smile on his face, like he somehow knew what the answer was going to be.

Nala's eyes snapped open. "Five hundred and seventy-six," she answered, suddenly realising how pointless such a method was. "It's not really that good, is it? I mean, counting five hundred and seventy-six hours will probably take—"

"Until morning when the day starts?" Simba finished for her. "Maybe we could..." A grin formed on his face. The type of grin that Simba used whenever he'd thought up a 'brilliant' plan. "Ooh, I know! Let's hit each other on the head! We'll knock ourselves out, so then we'll *have* to sleep!"

"That's going to hurt, isn't it?" said Nala, narrowing her eyes.

Simba shrugged in response. "Sometimes you've gotta suffer to get what you want. Trust me, I know this stuff. Go on." He pointed to the top of his head. "Hit me right here. Try not to mess up my tuft, though. I need that for cuteness purposes."

"Simba, I'm not going to hit you on the head just so you can get to sleep," Nala told him. "It may be what you want, but it's still a pretty nasty thing to do. Besides, if you want to get to sleep so badly then just hit *yourself*."

"Okay. But you hit yourself first," Simba instructed. "I need to know if this'll work or not."

"No!" Nala exclaimed. "I don't *want* to hit myself! There's less painful ways of getting to sleep. I could use some of that sleeping herb that King Hapana gave me the other day. I'd be sleeping all day."

"That's the reason we're so awake in the first place," Simba reminded her. "Too much sleep has given us too much energy. And there's nothing to do so we can get rid of it! We'll just have to sit here all night..." He sighed. "Bored out of our minds."

"Oh, don't be like that, Simba," said Nala, hitting him playfully on the shoulder. "We're not bored out of our minds. We've got each other, right?"

Simba let out a laugh. "That's the problem," he joked.

"Oh, really?" Nala growled playfully, before pouncing at Simba and tackling him to the ground. The two tumbled about on the ground, pretending to fight each other. "You'll never beat me, Super Simba!"

Simba smiled up at her. "Oh, yeah, Nasty Nala? We'll just see about that!" He used his hind paws to flip Nala over, so he was pinning her down. "I've gotten better at pinning people since our last encounter!"

Nala tossed her head back and let out an evil laugh, as she succeeded in pinning Simba back down again. "Your efforts are useless! Give up now, and I might let you live an extra day!"

"Never!" Simba declared defiantly, rolling Nala over so he was on top of her again. "Now I guess I have to use your only weakness against you."

Nala's eyes widened. "You wouldn't?"

"I'm sorry," said Simba. "But I've got no choice." He began to tickle her on her stomach, causing her to burst out laughing.

"No!" Nala cried through laughter. "Okay, you win!" she exclaimed. "I'll never be evil again! I promise!"

"How do I know I can trust you?" Simba asked as he continued to tickle her. "You said that the last three times! Do I have to tickle you to *death*?"

"No!" Nala responded. "I'm sorry for trying to take over the world! Just please stop tickling me!"

Simba smiled. "Okay." He stopped tickling her, and lay next to Nala, both of them laughing at their little game. "You feeling tired yet?"

"Not one bit," Nala replied, a big smile on her face. She looked into Simba's auburn eyes. "That was fun, though. You can't say there's nothing to do, after all."

Simba nuzzled the side of her face. "Yeah," he agreed. "Maybe staying up isn't such a bad idea. You never know – going to sleep might be bad for us."

"Bad?" Nala exclaimed. "Simba, how can sleep be *bad* for you?"

"Well, you never know what could happen," he replied. "And have you ever woken up one morning feeling worse than before you went to sleep? Hey, I think sleep actually *is* bad for you!"

Nala let out a big yawn. "Whatever you say, Simba. All I know is that I *want* to go to sleep."

"You just yawned," Simba pointed out, causing Nala to look shocked.

"I *did*?" she said, not even realising it. "Oh... yes!" she exclaimed. "Yippee! Looks like I'm finally getting tired! This is great!"

"Great for you, maybe," Simba remarked, frowning. "That means that I'm going to be all on my own tonight. I'll just have to stare up at the ceiling thinking about how cool it would be to *not* be bored."

Nala let out another yawn. "Great, Simba," she said, her eyes slowly shutting. "Great..."

"Nala?" Simba called, looking her over. "Nala?"

Nala buried her head in Simba's chest, finally asleep. "Goodnight, Mommy," she muttered.

Simba raised an eyebrow. "Why do bad things always happen to me?" He frowned. "I need a break."

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Kiss of Death

Chapter Two: Kiss of Death

"Tojo..." Tama called, waving a paw over his face. "It's time to wake up. But not just for five seconds like the last seven times."

Tojo's eyes flickered open, and as soon as he got one look at Tama his eyes started to shut again. "No, no, no, Tojo," said Tama, grabbing him by the ears and shaking his head. "Stay with me, Tojo. Stay with me!"

Tojo's eyes rolled about the place as he started to mumble incoherently. He didn't look like he was capable of even saying one word properly. It looked like his brain had been melted.

"Tama..." he muttered, a goofy smile on his face. "You... You're a... And I... It was great..."

Tama continued to shake him. "Say something Tojo! Say something that doesn't sound completely silly! Say something that only *you* would say! Come on! I need someone to talk to about my miserable existence!"

"Pretty mangos..." Tojo mumbled, his eyes rolling into the back of his head. "They're mangos that are... pretty..."

"That's it!" Tama exclaimed, frowning and shaking her head. "Time to get serious!" She began to slap Tojo on the face several times, hoping that would knock some sense into him. "Tojo! Snap! Out! Of! It!"

Tojo blinked and shook his head rapidly. He looked around, confused. It looked like his senses had finally returned to him. "Whoa..." he said, rubbing his eyes with a paw. "What happened?"

"Tojo!" Tama exclaimed, a smile on her face. "Finally, you're back! I was beginning to get worried for a second!"

Tojo looked into Tama's eyes, and then gasped loudly, before screaming and backing away. "No! No!" he cried, shielding his face with his paws. "Please don't hit me, Tama! I'm sorry about what happened! Please!"

Tama narrowed her eyes in confusion. "Tojo, what the heck are you talking about? Why would I want to hit you? And what have you got to be sorry about?"

"Yesterday," Tojo replied, his eyes widened. "When you tried to hunt some food for us, and it all went horribly wrong. That was when... That was when..." He collapsed onto his back, breathing heavily.

Tama rushed over to him. "Tojo, calm down," she told him. "Take deep breaths... I'm not going to hit you," she said, shaking her head. "I just want to know what you're talking about."

"When... When..." Tojo shut his eyes as tight as he could, before shouting at the top of his voice. "*You kissed me!*"

Those three words echoed throughout the Pride Lands. He was lucky that it was night, otherwise everyone would have heard him.

Tama just stared at him, and eventually, she shrugged. "Yeah. So? I don't see what the problem is, Tojo."

Tojo looked astounded. "But... But..." he sputtered, unable to find the right words. "It's... It's *you!*" he exclaimed, pointing at her with a claw. "You never show any signs of affection towards anyone! You *hate* all that fluffy stuff!"

Tama turned away from him, sitting down on the ground. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "I just felt kinda sorry for you. Don't ask me to explain it, because I can't. I just felt like you deserved some kind of... reward. So... I gave you a kiss. You didn't seem too upset about it. Unless of course you fainted because I was really *bad* at it or something." She turned back towards him. "Go on. Be honest. How was it?"

A wide smile spread across his face. "I've never felt anything better in my entire life," he replied honestly, his heart thudding in his chest. *She's so beautiful*, he thought, head over paws for Tama.

Tama suppressed the urge to smile back at him. "Uh... cool," she said, joining Tojo by his side. "But Tojo... this isn't going to come between our friendship, is it? I mean... you don't have... *feelings* for me now, do you?"

Tojo composed himself, and shook his head. "Oh, no, Tama. No. Nothing like that. That'd just be..." He chuckled. "Stupid."

Tama smiled. "Good. Because if you did, then I'd have to feed you your own tail. I can't let such trivial matters like love get

in the way of my plans to control each and every thing I see." She walked away slowly, hiding the sad look on her face.

Tojo looked confused. "But Tama..." He ran after her, putting a paw on her shoulder. "I thought you said that's the only thing you ever wanted?" he said. "For someone to... love you."

Tama tried to hide the fact that she had tears in her eyes, but she couldn't. "You're right," she agreed, looking into his eyes, a sad look on her face. "You're so... *right*." She then broke down in tears, sobbing as she threw her paws around Tojo. "Why is it like this, Tojo?" she cried. "Why are our lives so... horrible?"

Tojo hugged her back, a sympathetic look on his face. "Don't worry about it, Tama. It'll be all right. It'll work out for us... in the end."

"Yeah." Tama sniffled. "And when is 'the end', Tojo? When we're dead? 'Cause right now it all seems pretty... pointless to me. I just want... I just want to be happy."

Tama continued to sob and cry, letting all the sadness – which she usually kept bottled up – out. Tears streamed down her face. "Oh, what do we do, Tojo? What do we do?"

Tojo smoothed Tama's back with his paw. She almost let out a gasp in surprise, but she stopped herself. It felt... comforting. Like he actually cared about her. "Tama, why don't you just... get some rest?" Tojo suggested.

Tama sniffled, and nodded. "Yeah," she agreed. "Let's just... go to sleep."

Tama released Tojo from the hug, and collapsed to the ground, a miserable look on her face. Tojo lay on the ground next to her.

Tama snuggled up to Tojo, embracing his warmth. She couldn't really explain it, but she felt... better when he was around. Something about Tojo made her feel... good. Especially right now.

"Uh... Tama?" said Tojo, rolling over so he was looking at her. "Um... what are you doing?"

Tama closed her eyes. "I don't know," she replied. "I just... I need to be close to you, Tojo. You're all I've got. I... I'm sorry."

And that was it. Tama never said another word after that, and she didn't really need to, either.

A few minutes passed, and soon Tama was asleep. Tojo gave her a sympathetic smile, before kissing her on the cheek, and settling down to sleep himself.

They didn't know that it was only going to get worse for them...

AN: Tama gets a little emotional there. I fear that one day she might just have a complete mental breakdown. I'm afraid things are only going to get worse, though. See ya tomorrow for more...

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: An Empty Kingdom

AN: Ooh, I'm feeling like depressing my lovely readers. When you were a kid, were you ever left on your own before? Scary, wasn't it? Being all alone with no one to help you. Looks like our favourite cub is about to experience what that feels like.

Chapter Three: An Empty Kingdom

Simba yawned as he awoke the next morning. "Wow..." he said, as he slowly got to his paws, his eyes still closed. He could feel all of his muscles straining as he got up. Must have been something to do with him sleeping in an awkward position that night... "This is a new feeling. Guess I'm not so cuddly after all, huh, Nala?"

Simba opened his eyes and turned his head to the side to look at Nala, only to realise that she wasn't there. "Hey!" he exclaimed, blinking a few times to make sure his eyes weren't playing tricks on him. "Where are you, Nala?" Simba looked around the den, and his mouth dropped open in shock. "Come to think of it, where is *everyone*?"

The den was completely empty. Devoid of any person. There was nobody but Simba inside. And that just made Simba feel... suspicious. He couldn't explain it, but there was something about the sudden disappearance of everyone that made him feel like something very strange was going on. Something mysterious – *evil*, even.

"Okay..." Simba said, his eyes widening as he stepped into the middle of the den. "This is weird. This is really weird. This is really, *really* weird. Where is everyone? Hello?" he called, his voice echoing through the den. "Hello!"

The only response he got was an echo. That just made everything feel much more eerie. It felt... lonelier. "Somebody? Anybody?" Simba turned his head towards the den opening. Morning sunlight seeped in, illuminating the den. It was a new day.

Normally, this wouldn't have freaked Simba out, but this time it was different. He could tell just by looking that it was early in the morning. And he was pretty sure that neither his Mom, his Dad, or the rest of the lionesses in the pride got up early. They liked their sleep. They had a lot to do in the day, so they had to conserve their energy.

Simba enjoyed his sleep, but not to that extent. He was a lot more... erratic. Sometimes he liked to be up early, sometimes he didn't. It just depended on the mood he was in. Today he felt in a pretty good mood, so he was up really early.

But no one was here. Not even Nala, and she wouldn't go anywhere without Simba. Unless, of course, someone had kidnapped her. But that was just unlikely, because if someone had kidnapped Nala, then that meant that someone had kidnapped the whole pride.

But... who would do that? Why would someone want to do that? What could they gain from it? So many questions... "I've gotta find someone," Simba said, running out of the den and towards Pride Rock.

Stopping at the edge, Simba looked over the whole of the Pride Lands, and actually gasped at what he saw. "No way..."

There was nobody. Nobody in the entire kingdom. Simba knew the Pride Lands in and out. "This isn't right," Simba said, shaking his head in disbelief. "There should be animals flying in the sky, antelope leaping about all over the place!" He narrowed his eyes. "But... there's not. It's just... Well, it can't be... But it is. It's just... me." He winced. "Oh, no."

Simba sat on the ground and fiddled with the tuft of fur on top of his head. He did that when he was thinking hard. It helped... somehow. "Come on, Simba. Be logical. That's what Nala would say – just think it through. I'm the only person left in the Pride Lands... but why? Either everybody's gone to plan a surprise party for me – which is strange because my birthday is a long way away – or someone's taken them all. Maybe even *killed* them!"

He gasped at such a thought. No. That was just... unlikely. It was impossible. No one would kill the whole pride just for the fun of it – unless they were *really* twisted in the head. Also, if someone *had* killed everyone then why had Simba been singled out as the only person to survive? It made no sense.

That had to be a reason. No one would take every creature from the Pride Lands just for the sake of it. "Everyone's gone except me. Every single person. Who would be able to take that many animals? Maybe it's not just one person – maybe it's *loads* of people! Loads of people who just want to... take *other* people and... eat them? That's just stupid! *I'm* stupid! I'm stupid, stupid, *stupid*! I haven't got a chance!"

He sank to the ground, defeated. "Something goes wrong and I can't stop it." He let a dry laugh escape his throat. "Just

goes to show how pointless I am without anyone to help me..."

Suddenly, an idea popped into Simba's mind, and he jumped right up. "That's it!" he exclaimed, grinning. "I've got to find someone! It's only the Pride Lands! It *must* be! No one could take *that* many people. What about... the Outlands?" Simba's grin widened. "Yeah. Someone's gotta be out there. Someone who can help. Maybe someone who even saw everyone disappear."

It was the only good idea that he could think of. He had to find someone. Someone who could help him figure out what was going on. There was no one who could help him here. But surely there was someone elsewhere, right? Someone who could help.

Simba made his way down Pride Rock, continuing to listen out for any signs of life. But all was silent. There was no form of life other than him in this once-great kingdom. It felt like no one had ever been there in the first place. It felt like the loneliest kingdom in the world.

"On the bright side, since there's no one else around, I'm technically the King," Simba said to himself as he walked. "I'll be a pretty bored King, if no one's around, though."

He suddenly felt very depressed and alone. He didn't really like it. He didn't like it at all. He'd gotten so used to being in the company of others that loneliness felt impossible. However, it looked like he was wrong. Here Simba was, all alone, with nobody to help him.

Unless, of course, he did something about it. That's what he told himself. He knew he had to be brave about this. He had to treat it just like any other dangerous situation he'd been in. The only difference was that Nala wasn't by his side, and that could be problematic. He relied on her a lot. He wanted her with him right now. He *needed* her.

But there was just the loneliness. That's all that he had. Just the aching loneliness.

And for the first time in a long while, Simba felt like he wanted to cry.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: The Only Good Thing

Chapter Four: The Only Good Thing

Tama felt a little bit better when she woke up the next morning. A little bit of the sudden sadness that had overwhelmed her last night had gone away. But most of it still remained. Right now her life felt like nothing. She felt like she was tiny. Her life had been nothing but misery. There wasn't one good thing about it. It was just one bad thing after the next. All the time. It never ended. Never. There was just one thing that kept her hanging on to life.

Tojo. He was the only person that was keeping her going. She didn't understand it at all. Not one bit. There was no explanation to be had. Something about that little, tiny cub kept her alive. What was so special about him? What made him different? What was he doing that was saving her life right now?

Opening her eyes, she realised that she was snuggled up to Tojo, which freaked her out slightly, because that constituted what she frequently referred to as 'fluffy stuff'. Something that two people did when they were very close to each other. When they were really, really good friends or... if they were in love...

Tama got to her paws, shaking her head at the thought of love. She was incapable of feeling it. She hadn't done that to herself. No. That was what everyone else had done to her. Especially her parents. Oh, she *hated* them. They were the worst. They'd hurt her. *Changed* her. Made her a monster. A monster who was incapable of feeling anything good – *especially* love. Because, after all, isn't love the most good thing of all?

She looked down at the sleeping Tojo, and whispered in his ear. "What are you doing?" she asked him. "What have you done to me, Tojo? I need to know. Tell me." She gritted her teeth. "Please."

Of course, Tojo said nothing. And he wasn't really doing anything to Tama, anyway. She knew that. It was just weird how this cub – who she never thought of as all that important – was having such a massive effect on her.

Sighing, Tama looked up at the sky. She listened for a few moments, but couldn't hear anything. Silence. That was good. She liked it when the world just shut up for a few moments. She didn't have to listen to everyone else having a good time. She didn't have to feel insignificant. She didn't have to feel like a *monster*.

Tama felt someone touching her paw, and looked down to see Tojo smiling up at her. His bright blue eyes sparkled in that friendly way, like they always did. For a small second, Tama felt her heart skip a beat. But that was nothing.

"Morning," he said, continuing to smile. "You feeling better yet?"

Tama smiled back at him. "Yeah. A little bit. Certainly better than yesterday. Sorry about that, Tojo. I just... go a little crazy sometimes."

"It's not your fault," Tojo told her. "I know how it is. Our lives aren't exactly the best right now. I'm sure it'll get better, though," he assured her optimistically. "One of these days."

They sat there in silence for a few moments. That was when Tojo realised something rather odd. "Wait a minute," he said, looking up at the sky. "Have you noticed how quiet it is around here?"

"Yeah," Tama agreed, a happy smile on her face. "Great, isn't it? I *love* silence. I hate hearing other people and their happy, less miserable lives. I bet it's fun to live in the Pride Lands."

"No. It's different this morning," said Tojo, slowly getting to his paws. He pointed to the sky with a claw. "Can you hear that?" he asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Hear *what*?" Tama exclaimed. "I can't hear anything. It's quiet as a grave. Hey! There's an idea! Maybe everyone's dead! We can take over the Pride Lands!"

Tojo gave her a funny look, taking a few steps forward. "I don't quite think so, Tama. It's very quiet, but I doubt anyone's died. Maybe they've all just... gone away?"

"Then that gives us a chance to steal some food," Tama said, walking past him. "Come on. Before it's too late. I'm *starving*!"

"Tama, I'm only speculating," Tojo told her. "Everyone might have just overslept, that's all. The Pride Lands could still be under very tight guard."

"If they've overslept, then they're not very well guarded," Tama retorted, giving him a little smile. "We've got a bit of time to

grab some food for ourselves. It's either that or go into the jungle and eat bugs. Or worse..." She gagged. "Fruit."

"Good point," said Tojo, joining Tama by her side. He sighed. "Oh, all right, then. Let's go take some food. But only a little bit, okay? Otherwise people are going to notice." A thought suddenly came into Tojo's mind. "In fact, why don't we just ask if we can rejoin the pride?"

"Because they know I almost killed Simba," Tama responded. "And he's the *Prince*. It really doesn't get much worse than that – unless I killed the Queen. Or the King."

"But no one's even *attempted* to look for us," Tojo told her. "When have we ever had to hide from someone? We *haven't*. We've been living in the Outlands for a really long time, Tama, and so far, no one has come to get us. It's like they haven't even figured it out. What evidence is there to suggest that we've done it?"

"Are you implying that they're stupid, Tojo?" Tama replied. "Surely they must have worked it out by now."

"I reiterate my point," he said. "No one has come looking for us, to punish us for our 'crimes'. Even though I had nothing to do with the whole thing. It's not like *I'm* the one who bit Simba on the neck and gave him the Kulaani illness. I bet I could walk into the Pride Lands right now and they wouldn't care one bit!"

"You know what, Tojo?" said Tama, as the two cubs stopped at the border between the Pride Lands and the Outlands. "I think you're absolutely right."

Tojo gasped when he saw that the Pride Lands were completely empty. At least, from what he could see right now. There was no one there. No one at all. He couldn't even see an ant on the ground! "Oh, that is weird..."

"Weirder than an elephant flying in the sky with the help of a magic feather?" said Tama, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah. Much, *much* weirder, Tama," Tojo replied, his eyes wide with amazement and confusion. "It's not just the lions and lionesses. It's everyone. Every single animal, every single creature. We wouldn't even find a butterfly around here. I *knew* it was too quiet..."

"Wait, Tojo, you're not thinking this through properly," said Tama, narrowing her eyes. "How can everyone just be gone? Do you think they all just... relocated or something?"

"No. They wouldn't do that," said Tojo. "It's perfect around here. Everybody knows that. No one would just *leave*. And that's what makes it so weird in the first place. It's like they've just been... taken."

"This is ridiculous!" Tama exclaimed, turning away from him, throwing her forepaws up in the air. "Tojo, I know you like an exciting story, but this isn't bedtime."

"I thought you liked telling me bedtime stories?" said Tojo, sounding offended. "Especially that one about the female cub who has to disguise herself as a boy cub in order to fight in a huge battle!"

"Well, I have a good imagination. But this isn't a story, Tojo. This is real life. It has to be *realistic*. So, here's the question: how has everyone disappeared, and why?"

"So the same question is on your minds, too," said a voice from behind them.

AN: The plot thickens. But hey, it is a good bit of fun, isn't it? Or is it so horrible that you feel like crying blood? Well, you could always let me know in a review...

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Teaming Up

AN: All of you are pretty stumped, aren't you? It'll become clear by the end. But hey, here's two more chapters to thicken this mysterious story.

Chapter Five: Teaming Up

Tama and Tojo slowly turned around to see Simba, and they both screamed at the same time, jumping back in fright.

"It's him!" Tama cried, backing away, her eyes wide with fear. "He's finally come for us! He's finally come to..." Tama gulped. "Kill us."

"We never should have come here," said Tojo, looking up at the sky. "We never should have violated the sanctity of the Pride Lands!"

"The *what* of the Pride Lands?" Tama exclaimed, her eyes widening even more. "Even when we're about to die you can't help but talk like the nerd you are, can you, Tojo? Can't you use that big brain of yours for something *good*? Like an escape plan!"

Simba narrowed his eyes in confusion at the two panicking cubs. "Uh... what are you screaming about?" he asked. "I'm not going to hurt you. Come on – it's me, Simba! Do you act like this in front of all of your friends?"

Tama stopped backing away in fear, a surprised expression on her face. "Huh?" she said, cocking her head to the side. "You mean... you're not going to punish us for our crimes against the pride?"

A little smile appeared on Simba's face. "What are you talking about? I'm not going to punish you for anything. What have you done lately that's affected me in any way?"

"Well, you see, a little while ago Tama—" Tojo began, before Tama grabbed him by the neck, glaring at him furiously.

"Shut up, Tojo," Tama told him firmly, gritting her teeth in anger. If Simba was none the wiser as to what Tama had done to him a few weeks ago, then that meant Tama and Tojo were free to do whatever they liked. This was their ticket back into the Pride Lands! It wouldn't have mattered whether or not they left in the first place!

Tama let go of Tojo's throat, and turned to Simba, giving him her sweetest smile. "Simba, you're absolutely right. We've done *nothing* to you. It's just that... you scared us! Yeah, that's right! You just... took us by surprise, that's all! That's what we do when we're scared. We babble. A lot. In fact, I'm babbling right now! Just look at me! Babble, babble, babble, that's all I do!"

"You can stop babbling now," Tojo told her, rubbing the part of his throat that Tama had grabbed him by. That really hurt...

"Sorry," Tama sighed, and looked up at Simba. "So, Simba... what are you doing around here so early in the morning?"

"You mean you don't know?" said Simba, raising an eyebrow.

"Don't know what?" said Tojo, narrowing his eyes in confusion. "Is there some kind of problem?"

"You could say that," replied Simba. "But it's a little bit *more* than just a problem. It's a big, big, big, big, big, *big* problem! A problem so big that I can't even find the right words to describe it! That's how big it is!"

"So it's not a small problem," Tojo remarked, smiling a little. "So come on, then, Simba. Just what *is* this problem?"

"Everyone's gone!" he revealed, an urgent look on his face. "I woke up this morning, and everyone's just... *vanished*! All the animals and everything! I thought I was the only person left here!"

"So there isn't anyone in the Pride Lands?" said Tama, resulting in a nod from Simba. She sighed. "Great. Just when I thought everything was starting to get a little better. Are you sure they aren't all just playing one big game of hide-and-seek?"

"Of course I'm sure!" Simba exclaimed, his eyes widening. "Can you hear it? There's no sound! At all! We're the only three cubs left in the whole kingdom! Maybe the only cubs left in the *world*!"

"I wouldn't go that far," said Tojo, intrigued by this sudden revelation. Already his mind was trying to think up ways of how

this could have happened. It sounded impossible... but Tojo knew that there was a reason for it. This wasn't just something that randomly happened. This had a purpose. He was quite sure of that. "So... how do you think it happened?"

Simba shrugged. "I'm not sure. I think someone did it for a reason, though. Someone's taken all of the animals as part of their plan."

"And who is this 'someone'?" asked Tama. "What makes you so sure that this is all part of a plan? Sounds pretty stupid to me."

"Trust me," Simba replied. "I've had... experience in this kind of thing. Too many times. This was done on purpose. These things don't just happen."

"I'm with Simba on this one," Tojo agreed. "A whole kingdom full of animals doesn't just disappear overnight, Tama. That seems pretty obvious to me. If one person has taken the whole kingdom, then it'd have to be someone with an enormous amount of power."

"Oh, come on!" Tama exclaimed. "That has to be the stupidest idea I've ever heard! Where do you think someone's going to get that kind of power from, Tojo? They'd have to be magical or something!"

Tojo stared at Tama, his eyes half-closed. Suddenly, Tama realised that she herself was from a magical family, and her mouth dropped open. "Oh... right. I get what you mean."

Simba realised at that same moment. "Wait a sec, *you're* magical, aren't you? You made me and Nala swap bodies a while ago! And if you can do that, then it means... *you* did it!" he shouted, pointing accusingly at Tama.

"*Me*?" Tama squealed. "I didn't do this! Trust me, I would have known about it!"

"Well, you did say that you don't have very good control over your powers," said Tojo, nodding.

"My powers aren't *that* strong, Tojo!" Tama explained. "I can't just take out the whole pride by closing my eyes! I do simple things, like swapping people's bodies around, or hypnotising you into hopping all around the place. Remind me to do that later for my own personal enjoyment."

"So if *you* didn't do it," said Simba, turning around, "then who *did*?"

"Beats me," said Tama, shrugging. "Unless of course there's someone else with magical capabilities in the Pride Lands. But that's about as likely as King Mufasa getting killed by a stampede of wildebeest – completely and totally impossible."

"Not really. Your deranged cousin might have arrived to pay you a visit!" Tojo joked, smiling. "Just how big was your family, Tama? Maybe one of them has got... an evil idea or something?"

Simba turned back around to face Tama and Tojo. "But what kind of evil plan involves taking everyone away? And why were we the only ones *not* to get taken away? What makes us different from everyone else?"

"Hmm..." Tojo put a paw to his chin, a thoughtful look on his face. "Well, Tama's magical, but there's nothing all that special about me. Nothing really *significant*. I don't know about you, though, Simba. What's so special about you?"

"I'm handsomely cute?" Simba suggested with a dopey grin. After a few seconds, his face fell. "Okay. Maybe not. But there's gotta be something. There's *always* something!"

"Let's try and look for someone else," Tojo suggested. "There *must* be. If someone's taken the whole kingdom away, then they'd have to be nearby, right? By all geographic rights, they should be."

"You know, I don't understand anything you're talking about sometimes," said Tama. "But we might as well go with your plan. It's all we can think of at the moment."

"Then let's get going," said Simba, walking past them. "Come on. Let's check by the water hole. There *has* to be someone else."

Tama and Tojo gave each other a little look before following, keeping a fair distance behind Simba.

"Do you think he's telling the truth?" Tama whispered in Tojo's ear.

"Huh?" said Tojo, confused. "What are you talking about?"

"Keep your voice down," Tama warned, gritting her teeth. "I'm talking about Simba. Do you think he's telling the truth?"

"About what?" Tojo asked.

Tama sighed, rolling her eyes. "About this whole mysterious 'disappearance' thing he keeps telling us about. I think he's lying."

"What?" Tojo exclaimed. "Tama, that's crazy. Why in the world would he—"

"Because he *knows*, Tojo," Tama replied, her eyes widening. "He knows that I almost killed him. He knows that it was me who bit him on the neck and gave him the Kulaani illness. He knows that he's got us trapped right now! He's gonna take us right to the water hole, where the whole pride will be waiting to pounce on us!"

"Tama, you're going crazy," said Tojo. "Just calm down. Simba's telling the truth. He doesn't know anything about you giving him the Kulaani illness!"

"That's just what he wants you to think," said Tama, stopping and raising one of her paws. She extended her sharp claws, an evil smile on his face. "But I'll take care of him. Don't you worry about that."

***Chapter 6*: Chapter 6: An Old Friend**

Chapter Six: An Old Friend

Tojo pushed Tama's paw down. "Tama, don't do something you'll regret," he told her. "Simba is telling the truth. He looks genuinely concerned. I can tell. Just trust me. You *do* trust me, right?"

Tojo smiled warmly at her. "All right," Tama agreed reluctantly. "I won't kill him. Yet. But be warned, if Simba does anything suspicious, then I'm going to make sure that he never breathes again. Understood?"

Tojo stared at her nervously. "Oh, yeah. Understood." He looked ahead to see if Simba had overheard them. But he hadn't. His eyes were firmly fixed on what was ahead of him.

"So what's the plan if we *do* find someone?" Tama asked, raising an eyebrow. "You didn't exactly make that clear when you made the suggestion. What if the 'evil fiend' who's behind this is a psycho murderer? We don't really stand much of a chance, then, do we?"

"Tama, you're just being paranoid," said Tojo, looking ahead. "Besides, if the psycho comes after us then you can send him running away with your magical powers, can't you?"

"Unless it's another magical lion..." she muttered quietly to herself. "Because then we'd be in big trouble..."

"You guys coming or not?" Simba called, turning around. "You're going so slow I can't tell if you're walking!"

"Yeah, yeah, all right," Tama said, quickening her pace. Tojo did the same, the two of them joining Simba by his side. "How far are we from the water hole?"

"Not far," Simba said, as he began to walk over a small hill. "It's just over this hill. We'll be there any second—" He abruptly gasped when they got to the top of the hill.

The area around the water hole was completely empty. Deserted. Normally the place was crowded with cubs, as it was their favourite place to hang out, but today there was nobody. It looked so desolate. It... didn't feel right.

"I don't believe it..." Simba said, shocked. "There's... nobody. Not anywhere. It's only us. The only three cubs left in the whole kingdom." He groaned, sinking to the ground, burying his head in his paws. "Oh, why does my life have to be so horrible?"

"You don't know the half of it, kid," Tama remarked, looking around the desolate Pride Lands. "Pretty strange, though, isn't it? Who has enough power to take an entire kingdom away?"

"I don't suppose you actually *knew* someone who liked doing this sort of thing?" asked Tojo, not really expecting much of an answer from Tama.

"No," she replied. "But I can think of a few nasty people who'd *want* to. But they'd never be able to actually pull it off."

"Hey, maybe it was the ground!" Tojo exclaimed, nodding. "Yeah! The ground came to life, and then it sucked everyone underneath except for Simba!"

"Why would it forget Simba?" Tama asked.

"Um... the ground missed a spot?" Tojo suggested with a shrug, a little smile on his face. "Oh, I don't know. I'm just saying the first thing that comes into my head. This is too big – and confusing – for me to figure out!"

Simba got to his paws, a frown on his face. "A straight answer would be nice!" he shouted, looking up at the sky.

"Then I suggest you turn around," said a new voice from behind them.

Simba, Tama and Tojo turned around, expecting to be confronted with a ten foot tall lion that was ready to eat them all up.

Instead, they found themselves staring at another cub. A cub with dark-brown fur and eyes. He didn't exactly look friendly. At least, to Simba and Tojo. Tama looked quite surprised. Not scared. Just surprised.

"Who are you?" Simba demanded, a suspicious look on his face.

The cub ignored him, and instead looked at Tama. "Hello, Tama," he said. "Long time, no see."

Tama gasped, joining the cub by his side, pleased to see him. "Usaliti!" she exclaimed, hugging him. "It's so good to see you after all this time!"

"Wait a minute," said Tojo, raising a paw in the air. "Who the heck is this guy, and why do you seem to know him?"

"Tojo, this is Usaliti," she introduced the cub, smiling. "He's a friend from my old pride."

"Yep," said Usaliti, smiling. "We were *best* friends."

"A *friend*?" Tojo squeaked, his eyes widening in surprise. "But Tama, I thought you said you *hated* everyone from your old pride!"

"Oh, great," Simba said, rolling his eyes. "It's Moto all over again."

"Well... everyone except for Usaliti. He and I go a long way back. We were practically born at the same time," Tama explained.

"Yeah, very interesting, Tama," Tojo said quickly. "But if we could just continue with our investigation—"

"Tojo, there's plenty of time for that. The kingdom isn't going to go anywhere," Tama interrupted, before turning to Usaliti.

"So, Usaliti, what brings you around here? I haven't seen you in ages!"

"I came to find you, Tama," Usaliti explained, a sincere smile on his face. "I came to start again from where we left off. Before you... left me."

"Can you believe this guy?" said Simba, his eyes widening in surprise. He could see right away that this Usaliti person was just after Tama. It was painstakingly obvious. He'd seen exactly the same thing with Moto, a cub who had made a deal with Hago. He made Moto irresistible to Nala, causing her to fall madly in love with him. Simba just barely managed to stop him.

"Usaliti, I didn't leave you. I just had to... get out and live my own life. It was too crowded in that pride," Tama told him. "I didn't want to live that way any more."

"But it's the way we've lived for centuries," said Usaliti. "We're born to live the evil way. It's what we're *meant* to do." He sighed sadly, looking down at the ground. "You didn't even say goodbye..."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said Simba, waving his forepaws in the air. "You're telling me that you two used to be *friends* in your old pride?"

"Yeah!" exclaimed Tojo. "Tama, you *never* told me you had any friends in your pride! Who *is* this guy? What makes him so special? I thought *we* were best friends!"

"This was different, Tojo," said Tama. "It was a lot more than that. A lot more... *intimate*, you could say."

"Maybe you'd like to hear the story?" Usaliti offered, taking a few steps forward. "The story of how me and Tama realised we were meant for each other."

"Oh, brother," said Simba, rolling his eyes.

"Yeah, I'm sure your story is sweet and all but there are far more important things to be worrying about right now," said Tojo. He'd had enough of this guy being all over Tama. He had to take control of the situation. "We can have story time another day. Maybe next year."

"Tojo, stop being such a jerk," said Tama, glaring at him angrily. "Let Usaliti tell his – I mean, *our* story. He's come a long way to get here. You could at least be polite."

"I feel so sorry for you," Simba whispered in Tojo's ear. "If I were you then that guy would be facedown in the water hole."

Usaliti cleared his throat. "Anyway, it's time for my story. I remember it so clearly..."

AN: What's this? Tama actually had a *friend* in her old pride? A *best* friend? Things just keep getting weirder. Maybe *now* you can figure out what – or *who* – took the whole kingdom away.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Usaliti's Wrath

AN: Time for this mystery to finally be answered. How did everyone manage to disappear? And what for?

Chapter Seven: Usaliti's Wrath

"You see, Tama and I have been friends for as long as we can remember. We were born at roughly the same time, and our parents had a certain... arrangement for us both," Usaliti explained, causing Simba to raise an eyebrow in response.

"Why do I get the feeling I know where this is going?" he said quietly to himself, feeling ever so sorry for Tojo at the moment. The poor guy. There he and Tama were, the best of friends, and now all of a sudden this Usaliti guy had come along to ruin it all for the two of them. It really wasn't fair.

"Arrangement?" said Tojo, confused. "What do you mean by that?"

"We were betrothed to each other," Usaliti responded, causing Tojo to gasp in shock. "Our parents always knew that we were made for each other. We'd make the perfect evil pair. It was going to be a very grand relationship. We'd be so perfect at murdering innocent lions and extracting the brains of poor, defenceless orphans. Tama and me were going to be the greatest couple who ever lived."

"You're crazy!" Tojo squeaked, his eyes widening. "Are you trying to tell me that you and Tama were actually going to get *married* one day?"

"Yep," replied Usaliti, a little smile on his face. "Interestingly enough, the wedding was going to be on the day after Tama left the pride."

"They liked to marry off cubs pretty young," Tama chimed in. "It didn't really matter whether you liked the person or not. The pride was pretty cruel that way."

Tojo's eyes narrowed. "Wait a minute," he said, beginning to understand what was going on. His clever mind had finally worked it out. "If you said you were planning on starting again where you left off, then that must mean..." Tojo gasped. "You want to marry her right *now*!"

"Very clever," said Usaliti, his smile widening. "I'm impressed. Yes, I *do* intend to marry my lost love, Tama. Right now, in fact. So, Tama, what do you say? You finally ready to tie the knot?"

A little smile spread over Tama's face, before she frowned, glaring at Usaliti angrily. "No way! You must be *insane* if you think I'm going to marry you! I'd rather jump off a cliff – *twice*!"

"Tama, you *have* to marry me," said Usaliti, suddenly sounding very commanding. "We're going to be together for ever. You have no say in the matter. Females should be seen and not heard."

"You're sick!" Simba cried in disgust. "And I thought you two were supposed to be good friends!"

Tama snickered. "Yeah, right. I only acted like that to try and win him over into giving back the kingdom. I *hate* him! He was always such an arrogant jerk!"

"Wait, wait, wait a sec," Simba said, waving his forepaws around. "What's this about giving the kingdom back?"

"Oh, come on, Simba, isn't it obvious?" replied Tama. "*Usaliti* did it! It's too big of a coincidence for the whole kingdom to just suddenly disappear before he turns up asking me to marry him!"

"So you *don't* like each other..." said Tojo, resisting the urge to breathe a big sigh of relief. So Tama and Usaliti *weren't* friends! He could have jumped for joy there and then, but he just about managed to restrain himself. He could save the celebrations for later. Right now they had a bit of a problem on their paws. "So *you* were the one who took everyone in the Pride Lands away?"

Usaliti growled, an angry look on his face. "Yeah," he admitted. "I did it, and I'm proud of it."

"But... why?" Simba asked, a shocked expression on his face. "How could you do such a horrible thing?"

"Because it's fun!" Usaliti exclaimed, before tossing his head back and letting out an evil laugh. "And because I want Tama to be my totally obedient mate who will love me for ever and ever."

"In your dreams!" Tama spat, the mere thought of marrying Usaliti disgusting her. "You don't even love me!"

"I do, too!" Usaliti insisted, looking offended. "You're hot."

"*Excuse me?*" Tama shouted. "That's the only reason you want to marry me? Because you think I'm 'hot'? You're a psycho, Usaliti! I'm *never ever* going to marry you! Am I making myself clear?"

A creepy smile spread across Usaliti's face, which made Tojo shudder. It looked like he wasn't affected at all by what Tama said. "Oh, you're making yourself *very* clear, Tama. But you are forgetting just *one... little... thing.*"

Tama scoffed. "Really? And what might that be, Usaliti? You're so irresistible that I'll just *have* to marry you? Yeah, right!"

"Oh, no, no, no, Tama," Usaliti replied, shaking his head. "It's just that you never officially *left* the Evil Lands."

"Original name," Simba remarked.

"So what if I never officially left the pride?" said Tama, glaring at him. There was nothing Usaliti could say or do that would make her marry him. "What's that got to do with anything? I never *wanted* to officially leave! I just wanted to get away from all you creeps as fast as possible!"

"You're still forgetting, Tama, that since you never officially left the pride, you're still under its rule. And I'm sure that you're aware of the law on marriage in the Evil Lands," Usaliti said, his sinister smile widening.

"What's the law on marriage in the Evil Lands?" Simba asked, curious. He didn't think it was *nearly* as friendly as the marriage laws in the Pride Lands. Especially with a sinister name like that.

"Well, there are several rules," Usaliti explained. "The first is that you have to be married at a very young age. The second is that the male has to choose who he wants to be his mate, and then ask her. And as for the third, the female has to except, otherwise the male is authorised to..." Usaliti grinned evilly, extending his claws. "*Kill* her."

"*What?*" Tama exclaimed, her eyes widening in surprise. "You've gotta be kidding me! You're gonna try and *threaten* me into marrying you now? You're even more of a jerk than I ever imagined! You're a psychopath!"

"I never said I was going to *threaten* you into marrying me, Tama," said Usaliti, examining his sharp, menacing claws. "I'm just going to murder you right away and get it over with. It's obvious to me that you're impossible to win over, so I might as well just finish you off. You're of no use to me now."

Usaliti got ready to pounce at Tama, when Simba jumped in front of her. "Wait!" he cried.

"Get out of my way," Usaliti growled. "Or you'll be next."

"I need to know something first!" Simba told him. "How did you do it?"

"Huh?" said Usaliti. "I have no idea what you're talking about. Now move aside so I can murder my unfaithful mate."

"I was *never* your mate in the first place!" Tama shouted.

"How did you take the pride?" Simba demanded. "What did you do with them? I need to know. *Now.*"

Usaliti sighed and rolled his eyes. "It's my magical power, you idiot. I can remove people by the power of thought. All I have to do is think it and *wham!* They're gone!"

"Where have you taken them? Where do they go when you make them disappear?" Simba asked, desperate for answers on how to bring everyone who had disappeared back. There had to be a way of doing it. There *had* to be.

"They go to the Dark Places," Usaliti answered. "A place where they will fester for all eternity while the Evil Forces of Doom peck away at their souls!"

There was a very awkward, disturbing moment of silence. "Cheery," remarked Tama, smiling nervously.

Simba was horrified, but he managed to hide it. For the moment. "Can you bring them back, or are they stuck like that for ever?" he asked, dreading the answer.

"Of course I can bring them back," Usaliti told him. "Like I said – it just takes one little thought. But I'm not going to bring them back."

"Huh?" Simba exclaimed. "Why not?"

Usaliti shrugged. "I find the idea of them slowly suffering for all eternity quite entertaining. I'm going to make sure they stay there for ever!"

"You... You can't do that!" Simba sputtered, his eyes widening. "You just can't! You *can't*!"

"Oh, but I can," said Usaliti. "And I *will*. There's nothing you can do to stop me. With them out of the way the Pride Lands will cease to exist, and I will become the most famous cub in the Evil Lands! Everyone will *worship* me!"

"Not if I have anything to say about it," said Tama, gritting her teeth in anger. With an angry cry she pounced at Usaliti, tackling him to the ground and pinning him down, her claws extended. She was ready to tear him apart if he didn't do *exactly* as she told him to. "If you so much as move a muscle then you'll find yourself eating your own heart," she threatened, her orange eyes burning into his.

"You're not scaring me," Usaliti told her simply, closing his eyes. "I'm invincible. There's no way you can harm me."

Tama growled loudly. "We'll just see about that." She dug her claws into Usaliti's throat, causing him to gag in surprise. "Now I'm going to slit your throat if you don't bring the entire kingdom back and leave for ever! Scared, yet?"

"You wouldn't dare! Girls aren't supposed to kill—" Tama dug her claws in deeper, cutting off Usaliti. "Okay," he choked. "I'll bring them back. Just don't kill me!"

Tama dug her claws in even deeper. "Give me your *word*."

"You... You have my word!" Usaliti cried.

Tama smiled, hopping off of him. "Good," she said, as Usaliti slowly climbed to his paws. "Now bring them back, like you promised."

Usaliti sneered in response. "You've gotta be kidding," he said. "I'm *never* going to bring them back. I can't believe you fell for my trick!" He started laughing. "In fact, I'm going to send the three of *you* into the Dark Places, where you'll never be able to escape!"

Tojo gasped. "You wouldn't do that!" he cried.

"Oh, yes, I would. Just watch me. All I have to do is close my eyes and picture the three of you getting sucked away for ever." Usaliti closed his eyes.

"I don't think so!" Simba shouted, leaping at Usaliti. The two tumbled about on the ground, and Simba closed his eyes as Usaliti tried to slash at him with his claws.

When Simba opened his eyes again, he looked around to see where Usaliti was. But then he gasped, once he realised something very, very strange.

Usaliti was gone. And everyone else was back.

Simba could see wildebeest grazing in the fields, and antelope leaping about all over the place. He could even see ants on the ground! *Ants!* On the ground!

"Everything's back!" Tojo exclaimed, a smile on his face.

"Yeah," said Tama, amazed. "But... where's Usaliti? I didn't see him run away or anything."

Simba turned around to look at the two. "You're right," he agreed. "Where did he go?" He thought for a moment, and then realised something. "I think he took himself away."

"Huh?" both Tama and Tojo exclaimed.

"Well, when I knocked into him I must have interrupted his concentration or something," Simba explained. "And I made him switch places with everyone in the Pride Lands. Now he's in the..." He gulped. "Dark Places."

"Serves him right," Tama said, frowning. "He was just a big jerk. How dare he try to marry me!"

"I'm so glad to be your friend," said Tojo, thankful that he wasn't on Tama's bad side.

"You're kidding me!" Nala exclaimed, smiling. "You *are*, right?"

"No," Simba replied, shaking his head. "I swear. Everything I told you was the truth. I'm being totally honest."

The entire pride had been brought back, with no memory of what had happened to them. They all woke up like normal, thinking that they'd just been asleep for a little while longer than they expected.

Of course, Simba had told Nala the whole story. "I thought we just overslept or something," said Nala, shaking her head. "But we were really all taken away? By a *cub*?"

Simba nodded. "Yep! You're lucky that I managed to stop him, otherwise you would have been stuck in the Dark Places for ever!"

"But... what happened to Tama and Tojo?" Nala asked. "Where did they go after the whole thing?"

Simba shrugged in response. "We just said our goodbyes and went our separate ways. They said they already had a home to go to. As for me, I ran all the way back here, to tell you the story!"

Nala smiled, and gave Simba a little kiss on his muzzle. "You always manage to be the hero, Simba. Even when I don't know it."

Simba grinned. "I know. I just can't help myself!"

Tama collapsed onto her stomach when she and Tojo arrived back at the Outlands. "Well, that was certainly exhausting!"

"You're telling me," said Tojo, sitting down on the ground in front of her. "In the course of just a few hours we've managed to save an entire kingdom from total extinction. We're heroes!"

"Just keep telling yourself that, Tojo," said Tama. "Now I'm going to sleep. I need a nice, *long* nap after all that trouble."

"Hey, Tama?"

"What is it, Tojo?" Tama asked, looking up at him.

"I'm better than that Usaliti guy, right?" he asked, unable to keep himself from blushing. "I'm a better... *friend* than him, aren't I?"

Tama rolled her eyes and smiled. "Of course you are, Tojo. You think you're *worse* than that jerk? You're ten times better. Trust me. I know these things."

Tojo blushed even more. "Thanks a lot, Tama. You're a really great friend, too."

"Aren't I always?"

The End

AN: Wow, there's just two stories left to go! Are Simba and Nala going to fight more villains? Are Tama and Tojo going to get closer and closer? Am I going to give you a teaser for the next story? You bet I am!

NEXT TIME: An accident results in Nala losing her memory, and Tama becoming a nervous wreck. Can Simba and Tojo bring the two back to their old selves?